

## Sweet Sauce

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## Sweet Sauce

by [Hambone](#)

### Summary

Ultra Magnus enjoys time with his favorite warriors.

### Notes

For rainbowwarriorbattlekid on my Tumblr. Enjoy!

“And once again, Optimus, *you* are the weakest link!”

Sentinel pressed in close, ensuring his bulbous stomach was as pressed against his rival’s side as his chin was to his cheek. At least, the bot whom he considered a rival. For his part, Optimus was doing nothing to repress his long-suffering sigh, optics rolling so far back in his helm he could swear he saw his cranial unit dissolving.

“I’m really, *really* not in the mood right now, Sentinel.”

He never was. Rodimus popped another gel cube into his mouth, smiling broadly.

“You two are so cute. When’s the bonding?”

As expected, they turned in unison, matching fires in their eyes.

“Shut it, Rodimus!”

He raised his hands in mock defense, settling back into the enormous berth and kicking his legs up behind him. Primus himself couldn't have disguised his snickering. From the couch, Longarm sighed into his data pad, shaking his head quietly. He was less annoyed than one would assume, but he hid it well.

“Maggy's gonna be here soon,” Rodimus chewed another assorted jelly, shifting the treat around on his tongue as he spoke, “do you think he really wants to see you two going at it again?”

He paused, considering.

“Well, I mean not in the nice way.”

Longarm snorted.

“Nothing about their conduct is ever nice, Rodimus.”

Optimus elected to ignore the comment, moving to sit beside the other Prime on the berth pad, but Sentinel rounded on him.

“Excuse me? Am I seriously getting lip from a- a desk jockey?”

Setting down his reading, Longarm frowned deeply.

“You are possibly the most unpleasant individual I have ever had the displeasure of coming into contact with.”

“Wait a damn klik-!”

“Fighting again, my brave Primes?”

Ultra Magnus strode into the room, arms akimbo. Whether or not any of them would admit to it, they all perked up, attention flocking to him in a silent gush. Their relationship had long been this way, and they were at the point where even pretending to hide their eagerness was a fruitless pursuit. Sentinel and Longarm had been the first, easily coerced by their sense of duty and easy of sensuality (both respectively and not). Sentinel had fast taken to his swelling waist line as a point of pride, obnoxious and vocal about it as he was with all things. Longarm, who was already heavily built, had taken it in stride, outlasting Sentinel in all their games of endurance and vanity as if he had no reason to even compete.

It was not normal; at least not by modern standard, but Ultra Magnus was old, and the Elite Guard was older, and some traditions still remained. That was why they had kept it from the less traditional Primes until they knew they would be in for it. That, really, had hinged on the way the others acted about it. The good thing was, Longarm and Sentinel were capable of making it look appealing through their complete acceptance and enjoyment. Not that there was anything about their total surrender to the Magnus and his ways that wasn't absolutely wonderful, but he could understand why they might have been reluctant at first.

Now it was as though there had never been a time when they did not flock to him, eager for a good feeding and fragging. Of course there were the squabbles, but those were contained within their group, and even then largely focused on one individual *by* one individual. Of course, they weren't all bad to begin with as those fights largely ended in some wonderful interface, and they kept things interesting for the other pair despite how much Longarm enjoyed pretending he was above watching.

“That’s no way to behave.”

Magnus was teasing, and they all crowded around him as he sat on the berth, his great weight causing it to sag inward. Wrapping an arm around the two Primes nearest, he sighed happily, relaxing his plating to let off the steam of the day. Sentinel scrabbled into his lap, pressing his stomach against Ultra Magnus’s proudly.

“He’s always starting it.”

Despite the obvious tilt in their conversation, Sentinel could never help but push buttons. Thankfully, everybody else had stopped caring eons ago.

“It seems both of you really need to relax more,” Ultra Magnus crooned, stroking Optimus’s back, “and I have just the thing.”

Everyone squeezed closer as he produced a box of sweets from his subspace, smiling down affectionately at them. In the romantic lighting the box glistened as if a treat itself, the pink glow from inside only the heart of some crystalline wonder. Rodimus practically moaned, wriggling up under his arm.

“Oh hell yeah.”

Ultra Magnus laughed, shushing him softly.

“Be patient.”

He peeled the box lid off slowly and it was as sensual a motion as the way he reclined back on the head of the berth, delicately plucking out a single treat between his forefinger and thumb.

“Now,” he hummed, “who’s been good?”

He rolled the ball between his fingers, amused by the optics following it like it was a miracle and they were blessed in its presence. He turned to Longarm, moving with patient grace, and pressed the candy to his lips. With a sort of relieved leisure he sucked it into his mouth, making sure to kiss Magnus’s finger tips where he could, crunching down on his reward with visible pleasure. The others bristled.

“I think we’ve *all* been working pretty hard,” said Sentinel, nodding with false appreciation towards his other compatriots despite it being clear that he was speaking only for himself. The Magnus sighed pleasantly.

“It’s true, you have.”

They all perked.

“However, Longarm has earned himself a little extra with the conclusion of the Redwhite case.”

Leaning back further, he tugged Longarm’s round body up on his lap, smoothing his large fingers across the Prime’s bulging stomach with an appreciative rev. Longarm was absolutely tickled by this and preened in the jealous spotlight the others put him under. Rodimus pushed insistently at his hip.

“But we get some too, right?”

Ultra Magnus hummed in an intentionally deceiving manner, smiling mysteriously.

“We’ll see.”

Meanwhile Longarm was beginning to rub against him, stretching out to wrap his hands around the back of the Magnus's neck. In turn his own frame was getting a wonderful rub down, the older mech taking particular pleasure from cupping his plump aft. Even before they had begun playing with the Magnus, Longarm had been blessed with a surprisingly wide bumper, it's absorbingly shapely outline adding a delightful softness to his squared shoulders and geometric legs. Now it was even more so, and it fit perfectly into Ultra Magnus's hands, a fact which he often took advantage of. A firm squeeze made Longarm squeak in a decidedly undignified manner, rubbing his head into Magnus's chest affectionately.

One of Ultra Magnus's hands managed to tear itself away from his backside to reach back for the treats, cramming between their frames to press another one into Longarm's mouth as he kissed and licked at his wide chest, a soft moan escaping around his meal. The treats were already beginning to soften and grow sticky in the moistening air and by the next one his lips were beginning to tint pink with their sweetness. Magnus massaged his valve panel, causing Longarm to squirm and hum happily.

"Maaaags!"

Rodimus was whining now, a leg slung over his own so he could acutely feel the heat of his panel. Sentinel was unintentionally kneading at his own stomach as he watched, biting his lip, and even Optimus was forced to avert his eyes lest he fall into temptation as well. Longarm seemed to know it and purred louder. When a particularly hard pass over his panel prompted him to retract it, the others all pushed their EM fields out imploringly.

"Now, now!" he practically sang, but without further complaint he held out the box of treats. The reaction was immediately, everyone scrambling over themselves to take what they could, caught up in the moment and forgetting their differences momentarily as their goal united them. Rodimus pressed candy into Optimus's mouth, and Optimus returned the favor, Sentinel vying for both their attentions equally. Fairly soon the pink streaks covered their hands and faces, chests as well as the occasional clumsy slip led to some unabashed pawing. Ultra Magnus slipped a wide finger into Longarm's valve, watching them all with immense pleasure. Longarm's engine hummed loud enough to vibrate them both.

The sight was enough to make Rodimus whine, his own panel sliding open as his pink stained fingers traveled low to find it. His spike bobbed along the underside of his belly, a trickle of transfluid already glimmering in the low light, and his valve clenched as he observed Magnus slide another fat finger into Longarm and begin to pump. Sentinel shoved Optimus by the shoulder, rougher than necessary and grasped his wrist, forcing it towards his own scalding panels.

"Come on, bolt-head," he hissed, "make a good impression."

As if they even needed to. Rolling his optics, Optimus went along anyhow, because really, he was feeling the heat himself, and Sentinel had just rolled another candy across his tongue in a way that begged to be exploited, but Primus knows he wasn't going to act like an idiot for it. Maybe. A little.

He pulled Sentinel close by the back of his head and mashed their mouths together, sucking what remained of the sweetness from his tongue. Sentinel made a noise that might have been a prideful laugh or a surprised grunt but pushed against him with equal fervor, causing Rodimus to whine as he was again left out.

"You guys!"

He pulled himself over between them, crouching below their locked lips and pawing at Optimus's stomach.

“Come on!”

Above them Longarm hissed and moaned, bobbing on Magnus’s fingers. As the scene unfolded in his lap, the movements became rougher until the Prime was practically purring at every touch, wriggling his wide aft happily. Ultra Magnus rumbled, engines thrumming a deep and ancient beat, as Rodimus got Sentinel to extend his spike, finally, and began to suck on it greedily. Optimus gasped, between kisses, as questing fingers found his own valve and began to circle the lips. In the midst of all this Sentinel somehow managed to slip another treat between them so they could wrestle tongues for it. It was as erotic as endearing and Ultra Magnus could only watch with fond optics.

He released his spike and all attention once again was drawn to him. Longarm cooed happily as he slid down to rest himself by the base, fingers slipping from within his valve to poke at his mouth. He sucked at them eagerly, each one having to move inside individually due to their width. Rodimus, too frenzied to stop pleasuring the two he’d come between, canted his hips back and moaned, lubricant trickling down his thick thigh.

“Beautiful,” the Magnus murmured, “you all are. But Longarm is still the bot of honor today, and he is allowed his turn first.”

There was no smugness or pride in Longarm’s gaze, just a tender affection. The other Prime’s groaned with envy but only increased the fervor of their pawing, watching, entrapped, as Ultra Magnus curled his large hands over Longarm’s thighs and helped guide him to the tip of his plug. Every time they felt its wide head against them was as if the first; the slow dawning of the realization of its size blooming beautifully across their faces, the same anticipation that made their calipers tremble wetting their lips and brightening their optics. Longarm was the most poised of his Primes but even he would not hold in his gasp as the very tip breached him, just kissing the rim of his inlet.

“S-sir,” Longarm gasped, face plates bowed demurely, and it was almost enough.

Optimus was panting hotly, wriggling his hips against Rodimus’s arm.

“Do-don’t stop! What are you-!”

Sentinel bucked forward and caught him by the tongue again, tugging at him harshly. They all slid forward bit by bit, watching Longarm ease himself onto the head of Magnus’s spike. There was a momentary strain, and he screwed his face up in concentration as he shifted his aft around, followed immediately with a soft cry as he succeeded and it slid inside with a wet pop. Without really meaning to, the rest of the watchers gasped, Optimus reaching out to grasp at his thick thighs as one of his legs swung without support.

“Oh, thank you s-sir!” Longarm stuttered, even as he was impaled fully. The feeling of fullness was incomparable to anything else he had ever experienced. Ultra Magnus reached down to rub at his stomach firmly, making him jerk and whine.

“It is my pleasure.”

Ultra Magnus began to rock them together slowly, the motion making Longarm’s fat spike bob hypnotically in front of Optimus’s face. Without thinking about it he leaned in and licked along the length, kissing his belly on and off as the motions increased in speed. Rodimus, not one to be outdone, crept up behind Optimus and pressed his face between his slick thighs, sucking on his valve without warning. The slide of Ultra Magnus’s spike inside Longarm was making deliciously wet noises, so close to where they were that they could almost imagine it was them in his lap. Sentinel reached around Optimus’s front to grab his plug, sucking on his neck needily.

“Hey, hey!”

Optimus ignored him, swallowing Longarm’s spike and eliciting a pleased cry as Ultra Magnus chuckled.

“Don’t- don’t you dare leave me out!”

Rodimus, still laving at the pretty port before him, rolled his optics.

“You never stand up in my defense.”

Still, he received Sentinel’s rage with a good humored grin, lubricants shining along his chin.

“I’ve got a hole for ya.”

He reached beneath his gut, pressing two fingers inside his valve, still sticky with candy sugar, and pulled himself open for Sentinel’s approval. It worked.

“F-fine,” he was already crawling behind Rodimus, rubbing at his plush backside, “but I’m not doing this for *you*.”

“Whatever.”

Rodimus stuck his tongue inside Optimus and made him buck, choking a bit around Longarm. The dueling sensations of Magnus’s massive cable and Optimus’s fat lips were making his dizzy with pleasure, and he clawed against any mesh he could reach. Magnus grunted as his calipers fluttered.

“Ah, good, good,” he could not quite finish his sentence, and the Prime’s were hardly listening anyways, absorbed in each other and themselves and the heady weight of their pleasures. Rodimus moaned whorishly when Sentinel finally slid inside him, not waiting for adjustments but immediately launching into a fast paced pattern of thrusts that bucked the whole chain harder against Longarm. He in turn was doing his best to keep bouncing towards he sources of his rapture, thick fingers digging into Ultra Magnus’s stomach lightly. He took them on one of his own hands, trusting Optimus to help keep Longarm aloft, and squeezed delicately, enjoying the soft cooing moan he was given in return. It made his spark swell to hear them, perhaps with the kind of sentimentality age gave all things, and he basked in the knowledge of their happiness almost more than the pressure around his own spike. On top of that, Optimus had found his external node, and while his valve was seldom used he still bucked harder as it was squeezed and pinched lightly, overload coming swiftly to him.

Almost embarrassingly it was Sentinel who came first. He had been pounding Rodimus like there was no tomorrow, jazzed up on the excitement of the moment and his annoyance over their positioning (only lending to the theory that he did, in fact, get off on being a wet blanket) and with a half swallowed cry he bent over Rodimus and hugged himself around his wide waist, filling him with a healthy load of transfluid. Optimus yelped as Rodimus pushed harder against him, trying to nudge Sentinel into continuing to move because he was *so close*, and then Longarm convulsed and bucked his hips jerkily, catching Optimus by surprise and painting his face silver. His valve squeezed Ultra Magnus like the best of vices and he pulled the Prime away from Optimus’s delicate mouth so as to pound him in earnest.

Sentinel, despite Rodimus’s best efforts, could not continue, pulling out and falling back with a sated sigh.

“I can’t- don’t do that!”

He did not respond, but Optimus did, turning and grasping Rodimus by the shoulders. He was caught by surprise but allowed himself to be pushed back onto the berth, catching on quickly as Optimus turned around again and angled his hips back.

“Good enough for you?”

Plump lips sucked hungrily at his outer node and Rodimus yelped.

“Yes! Yes I-!”

He cut himself off, pulling Optimus’s aft down and busying his face between his legs once again. Ultra Magnus grunted, a deep and primal sound, and overloaded inside Longarm. It was clearly too much and his transfluid spilled out around his valve rim, streaking pale strings along his dark thighs. Longarm quivered and cried out again, a louder, wilder sound than he had ever made in their presence before, overloading a second time with a spectacular shock of electricity dancing off his plating. His valve strained and lubricant mixed with the mess once again, bubbling thickly between them.

Optimus and Rodimus could not be sure which of them gave way first, but it was wet and loud when it happened, Rodimus dragging orange tracks of paint along Optimus’s aft as he clung to him, licking him inside out with great abandon. Everyone collapsed, Ultra Magnus just managing to pull out of Longarm, who produced another copious flood of fluids with a slightly embarrassed hiccup of a moan. Still at the vantage point at the head of the bed, Ultra Magnus managed somehow to pull everyone closer until he had two hot, sticky Primes on either side of him, all panting and groping at one another’s body heat as they snuggled in closer.

“See,” he rumbled, “isn’t it better when we are not squabbling amongst ourselves?”

Longarm said nothing but pressed closer, knowing full well he was never part of the battle. Rodimus yawned noncommittally, and Sentinel grunted and pretended to be offline. Only Optimus managed to answer, sleepy optics bright with overcharge.

“Yes, sir.”

It was such a simple phrase, but there was real affection in his voice. Ultra Magnus’s engine revved, although he knew he wouldn’t be up for another round for a while yet. He was getting older, after all. But who had time to worry about age when he had subordinates as trustworthy and loyal as these. Letting his optics dim, he let all thoughts of the outside world delete themselves, the only sensory output still focused keeping track of the warm pulses of the frames that cushioned themselves against his own, and he slipped into a light recharge to the rhythm of four turning sparks.

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